

# THE NOTRE-DAME-SCHOLISTIC

•DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS. •VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS.

VOL. XXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 7, 1898.

No. 30.

Ruth.\*

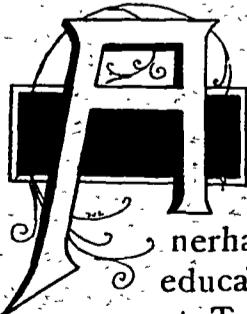
FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

**H**EVENING, and a wine-red sky  
That bends athwart the barley-fields of Beth-  
lehem,  
And stains the bearded grain with amethyst.  
Two doves among the bushes holding tryst:  
A solitary gleaner passing by,  
A lowly maid, sad-browed and shy.  
  
Midnight, and the sky-woof blue  
That glooms the fanes of sacred Bethlehem,  
And paves the star-wrought arch of space.  
The winnowed grain lay round the threshing-place,  
Where Ruth crept to the feet of Boaz with trustful  
grace,  
As Naomi had bade her do.

Dawn-time, and the sky-flush rose  
That warms the opal globes of dew  
Depending from the barley-heads at Bethlehem.  
The Christ-child, watching where the reaper mows,  
Thinks lovingly of humble Ruth, and knows  
An equal love of Moabite and Jew.

## The History of Harman Blennerhassett.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

  
BOUT one hundred years ago Harman Blennerhassett, an Irish gentleman, bade farewell to his native land and set sail for America. Blennerhassett was a man of refinement, education and wealth. Graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he had traveled through Europe and married the beautiful and brilliant daughter of Governor Agnew of the Isle of Man. A fondness for science and

letters characterized both Blennerhassett and his wife. Their social position was high, and there were bright prospects for them in either England or Ireland. But Blennerhassett was weary of the political tumult of the Old World; he yearned for the fresh beauty and peace of America, and to America Blennerhassett came full of hope, vigor and youthful enthusiasm. He reached New York in 1797, and immediately continued his journey westward in search of a spot upon which to build a home. Starting from Pittsburg, he floated down the Ohio river to Marietta, a settlement upon the southern border of the Northwest Territory, and near Marietta, and just below what is now Parkersburg, West Virginia, he found an island that attracted him which he purchased.

This island—Blennerhassett Island, it has ever since been called,—dividing in twain the calm waters of the lovely Ohio, was then, and still is, a spot of rare beauty. And upon this garden spot Blennerhassett built a home whose magnificence was famed throughout the land, and which has become a tradition of the Northwest Territory. His abundant wealth was all-powerful, and, as though with a magic wand, he transformed his island into a bower of luxury and beauty. Parks, drives, shades and lawns bedecked its broad expanse, and upon a summit facing far up the river he built a mansion that was one of the costliest in the land. The beauty of Blennerhassett's home was not only in its exterior adornments, but the rarest decorations were to be found within its doors. The work of foreign frescoers covered the walls, hid here and there by masterpieces of European art; tapestries and portieres of richest hue hung about the rooms, and the furniture—imported from London and Paris—was probably the most gorgeous in America.

A portion of the great house was set apart for literature and science; for the master of

\* From the *Catholic World*.

the place was fond of scientific pursuits, and both he and his wife possessed literary culture. Consequently, Blennerhassett had brought with him from Europe a great library as well as a very complete scientific apparatus; and here in the midst of nature he looked forward to a lifelong study of nature's mysteries.

Blennerhassett was very happy in his home on the frontier. A cultured dilettante, he loved the peace and repose of this utopian existence, and enjoyed the freedom from old world civilization. Here he could work with his science, or idle happy hours strolling about his island, or in companionship with his beautiful wife and little ones. Frequent visitors, among whom were many distinguished persons, broke the monotony of the life, and the doors of Blennerhassett's home swung open to receive all guests.

Mrs. Blennerhassett is vividly pictured in the history of this island home. It is said of her that "she was lovely even beyond her sex, endowed with every accomplishment that could render her irresistible;" she was an excellent linguist, and, like her husband, a student of nature and of the fine arts. She was a good horsewoman, and "could dance," says Hildreth, "with the grace and lightness of the queen of the fairies." The early inhabitants of Marietta remembered her best as riding a gaily caparisoned horse through their village, and to these pioneers she was "a vision of beauty and loveliness."

This home of Blennerhassett, and the peaceful, happy lives of those that constituted it, has often been likened to the Garden of Eden, and, indeed, it must have approached in beauty and happiness the home of the first of our race. But, like the Eden of long ago, its joys were destined to be blighted and destroyed. For after only a few years of this tranquil happiness, when the soul of Blennerhassett in the fulness of life, was joyous and proud of its existence, there came into this island home a destroyer of its peace and hopes. Not in the shape of a serpent did it come, but in the form of the intriguing politician, Col. Aaron Burr, whose term of office as Vice-President had just expired, and whose hands were still stained with the undied blood of Alexander Hamilton.

Burr had been driven out of New York by the great prejudice aroused there against him, and, incidentally, by a couple of indictments for the murder of Hamilton. He had conceived the notion of forming an empire in the South, either in Louisiana or Mexico, and with the

idea of viewing the ground he left Philadelphia in the spring of 1804 to go to New Orleans. His journey was by way of Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio River; and coming to Marietta he stopped there for a few days. It was early May when he reached Marietta; and Blennerhassett Island in its fresh beauty of spring attracted his attention, and one afternoon he rowed over to it. The flowers were just beginning to bloom, the birds were singing merrily, and the tall trees never cast more peaceful shadows than on that May day afternoon when Aaron Burr, the blighter of its happiness, stepped upon Blennerhassett's isle.

Burr had not been long on the island when Blennerhassett learned of his presence there, and he sent a servant to invite the stranger to the house. Better far would it have been for Blennerhassett had he been struck dead and his invitation thus prevented, for the moment Aaron Burr stepped upon the threshold of that home the doom of all within was sealed. The political fame and position of Burr were known to Blennerhassett, and the attention shown the guest was gracious. And Burr, the cultured man and fascinating talker, soon won his way into the heart of his host.

It is supposed that during this brief visit Burr did not confide his plans to Blennerhassett, but he continued on his journey to the South, intending, however, to make use of his new acquaintance when the time came to carry out his project.

Burr's visit to the South determined him to put his plan into execution, and after an absence of several months he returned to Blennerhassett Island. Then it was that Burr, with cunning equal to that of the serpent, began to influence his friend to join in the expedition. How he proceeded is largely a matter of conjecture; that he fascinated, if not hypnotized, his victim is a natural conclusion. He doubtless pointed out to Blennerhassett that the political conditions of the country were favorable for the enterprise; that the region to the west and south were too far away from the federal government to receive aid from it or to be influenced by it; that the people of this region were dissatisfied with the government and would welcome a Southern nation and would doubtless ally themselves with it. Any fear that Blennerhassett may have had on the possibility of national complications were assuaged and set at naught by the great lawyer and Vice-President. Burr expatiated upon the glory of this new empire

of which he should be emperor, Blennerhassett, the first of the nobles; and he likely pointed out and dwelt upon the grace with which Mrs. Blennerhassett would preside as first lady of the court. At last Burr succeeded, and under his magnetic influence Blennerhassett's nature seemed to change. Heretofore a lover of peace and quiet, he was now thrilled with the expectancy of adventure; his books and crucibles were cast aside, and all his thoughts were of the expedition. He gave to Burr all his money as well as *carte blanche* on his credit. Blennerhassett Island, formerly so quiet and peaceful, became the scene of a hurrying, bustling preparation. Kilns and workshops marred the beauty of the lawns, and the ring of the hammer drowned the songs of the birds. Contracts were made for the building of boats and transports, and supplies were gathered in great quantity and prepared for storing; for the island was to be the starting-point of the expedition, and upon the island all the preparations were to be made.

While Blennerhassett was thus ruining himself, Burr went again to the South and, with his ally's credit, purchased about four hundred thousand acres of land on the Red River to use as a landing-place and rendezvous for his forces and a base from which to push operations into Mexico. During this visit Burr's plans began to be suspected, and his evident idea to alienate the southern territory from the Union as well as his open plan of waging war against a friendly nation made him liable for treason. He was even arrested, but he was soon released and continued to mature his plans.

However, the secret was out. President Jefferson sent a government agent to shadow Burr and Blennerhassett, and in November, 1806, a proclamation was issued against the arch-conspirator, and his capture ordered. At this crisis Blennerhassett, escaped from his island home and joined Burr at the mouth of the Cumberland River. But they were captured, indicted for treason, and taken to Richmond for trial.

In the meanwhile Blennerhassett Island had been searched and overturned, and Blennerhassett's lovely wife, "whom he lately permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly, we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell." This was the end of the island home. It was confiscated for debt, became finally a barrack for government troops, and the grand mansion was burned to the ground one night through the careless-

ness of the soldiers that were quartered in it.

The trial of Burr at Richmond resulted in a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven," as an overt act of treason could not be shown against him. During the trial the most was made over Blennerhassett's part in the conspiracy, and Burr would not have hesitated to hide behind his poor deluded ally. In referring to this phase of the defense, William Wirt, of counsel for the prosecution, in an argument of eloquence and strength said: "Neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and so absurd, so shocking to the soul, so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment."

After Blennerhassett's release his life was varied and in sorry contrast to its former happiness. His home and fortune gone, he sought employment in many ways and at many places, and finally went to Montreal where he tried the practice of the law. However as age came upon him his heart yearned for the home of his boyhood, and in 1822 he sailed for Ireland; later he went to Guernsey, where, a penniless, heart-broken, ruined man he died in 1831.

Mrs. Blennerhassett returned to America. Brave and noble to the last, and loyal still to her husband whose ruin was hers, she died in New York after a few years and was buried there by the Sisters of Charity.

The sun is shining brightly on Blennerhassett's isle, the Ohio's water gently kiss its shores. The island has gone back again to its primeval ruggedness, to its tanglewood and wild flowers. There it stands, an object lesson in history of a weak man's ruin; or rather let us consider it a monument to poor Blennerhassett, "a man so wrongly robbed of property, peace and plenty, so knavishly deprived of home, happiness and hope."

---

NEARLY all the good done in this world is done for the love of praise, from the love of approval, the approval of self, self-commendation. Nearly all the evils of life come from a love of pleasure. The real pleasures are the pleasures of the mind, of the heart and of the conscience.—*Bishop Spalding*.

George Parsons Lathrop.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY.

There is an additional sadness to death when a person is called away just in the prime of life, especially when he has overcome many difficulties, and has accomplished much in the few years that have been given him, and there is every indication that his triumphs are but beginning. From Shakspere to Stevenson, however, Providence has seen fit to cut short the labors of our greatest bookmen and artists, and the world has doubtless lost many masterpieces by the candle being too early snuffed out.

Since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson just three years ago, there has been no young literary man whose demise caused so marked a shock as that of George Parsons Lathrop. I say "shock" advisedly, for the writers of books are always the common property of their readers, and even when we do not know the appearance of an author we feel that we are acquainted with him: his name is heard on every side; his private life is exploited in the magazines, and above all his work has given us so much pleasure and profit that we feel we are indebted to him; and so in a manner we make his joys and sorrows our own.

Lathrop was born near Honolulu, August 25, 1851. His mother, born Maria Smith, was a descendant of an old New England family, and his father, Doctor George A. Lathrop of Carthage, N. Y., a physician of remarkable skill, was a grandson of Major-General Samuel Holden Lathrop of Revolutionary fame. At the time of the writer's birth Doctor Lathrop had charge of the Marine Hospital in Honolulu, and he also served as United States Consul there.

When their son was a mere child, Doctor and Mrs. Lathrop returned to the States, and the boy began his education in a private school in New York city, and later he entered the Columbia Grammar School. A mere lad of fifteen he was when he began his first paper, a weekly called the *Sparkler*. The journal necessarily showed signs of the immaturity of its editor; it was successful nevertheless during its short life. A year after the *Sparkler* came into existence Lathrop left New York for Dresden, Germany, where he studied for twelve years. He returned to New York in 1879, and straightway entered the Law School of Columbia University, where he remained until he

was admitted to the law-office of William M. Evarts.

The next year was a dark one in young Lathrop's life, for money reverses followed in quick succession, until he was finally compelled to give up the study of law, and look about for work that would enable him to breast the threatening storms. Finally he decided to adopt a literary life. The amount of money won by his pen was not large at first, but by energetic work he slowly but surely managed to gain a comfortable income; and before the year was over the returns from his literary labors had increased so much that he was enabled to go to Europe again. England was the destination of this second trip across the Atlantic, and while he was in London he met Rose, the second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A similarity of tastes caused a strong friendship to spring up between the two young persons, which finally resulted in their engagement. They were married in London on September 11, 1871, in St. Peter's Church, Chelsea. This is the church in which Charles Dickens was married. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop traveled in Europe for a few months and then returned to America.

While Mr. William Dean Howells was chief editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* the associate editorship became vacant and the position was offered to Lathrop. The young writer gladly accepted. For the next two years he devoted all his time to the *Atlantic*, and much of the present-day merit of the magazine was brought about by his efforts. Two years later he bought Nathaniel Hawthorne's former home, "The Wayside," in Concord, resigned his position on the *Atlantic*, and became editor of the *Boston Sunday Courier*.

The venom that is flung out from almost every line of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "American Notes" was not occasioned so much by a dislike for the American people as by our total disregard for the rights of European authors. Mr. Kipling had suffered much because of the pirated American editions of his books, from which he received no recompense, and many other foreign writers joined with him in the cry against "the Yankees." With the intention of removing a disgrace from the American name, and improving the condition of literary workers besides, Lathrop took up the subject, and the result of his labors was that in 1883 the American Copyright League was founded. Lathrop was elected secretary, and he straightway showed his interest in the new

society by organizing for its benefit the first author's reading ever given in America. As a result of the reading the treasury of the League was enriched two thousand dollars. A few years later he still further protected authors in America by forming the Western Copyright League in Chicago, which was an auxiliary to the original League.

Lathrop's brother writers were not the only persons benefited by his labors, for all during his short life he worked earnestly wherever there was a chance to do good. The Catholic Summer School of America is greatly the result of his labors, and every charitable or religious undertaking found in him a hearty supporter. Many of his best poems were written for patriotic and religious celebrations, notably his "Gettysburg Ode," which he read on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, and his "Columbus, the Christ-Bearer, Speaks," read at the Catholic Columbian exercises in New York.

It was in March, 1891, that Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop's friends and admirers were surprised to learn that they had been received into the Catholic Church. They came to the Reverend Father Young, a Paulist Father of New York, one day, unannounced and without consulting even their friends. Just a few days ago the church in which Lathrop was baptized into the Catholic faith was filled with sorrowful relatives and friends, members of the Player's Club, the Author's Club and the other organizations to which he belonged, who had come to attend the Requiem Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

"Rose and Rooftree," a volume of poems that appeared in 1875, was Lathrop's first serious contribution to literature. There was nothing in the book very remarkable, but the verses were graceful in thought and expression, and they were very favorably received. The next year, however, came his second work, "A Study of Hawthorne," a biographical and literary presentation of his famous father-in-law, and the merit of this production made his reputation. The great American romanticist could not have wished for a more truthful and sympathetic biographer than the "Study" showed Lathrop to be. Later he edited the Riverside Edition of Hawthorne's works, with introductory notes and a short biography, and this is now acknowledged the standard edition of Hawthorne. In 1881, after the death of his only child, Francis Hawthorne Lathrop,

Lathrop, accompanied by his wife, visited Europe, and while there he wrote one of his most successful books, "Spanish Vistas." Next to the "Hawthorne" this is the author's best-known work. It is the creation of an observant, sympathetic artist, and the style has a brightness and ease that is very pleasing. Besides these books Lathrop wrote a great deal for the monthly and quarterly magazines, and his contributions to the daily and weekly journals were voluminous. During his last few years he worked hard on a number of poems that he hoped to see published in one volume, but death cut short this labor.

Lathrop's writings were not remarkable enough to make him great, but his books, both prose and verse, will always be read with interest; for his was a graceful style, filled with sharp imagery, and he wrote from his heart.

#### The Disagreeable Lover.

MICHAEL J. MCCORMACK (LAW), '99.

One cold afternoon during the Christmas holidays of 1870, a friend and I were walking in the suburbs of New Orleans where the wealthy Creoles lived before the war. Piles of crumbled stone, broken glass, and timber partly burned, reminded us of the devastation of 1860-'64. The Brinkley Place, on the summit of a hill, was the only one that escaped the fire of the enemy. As we passed the mansion, my friend said to me:

"It's too bad no one will live in that house just because the old hags say it is haunted. Before the war it was one of the prettiest places in the South. The grounds were as perfect as the Garden of Eden. Fountains, statues and flowers covered the place, and that hollow plot of ground you see over there was a lake. The family abandoned this place on account of the sudden death of their daughter. She was the only child, and the idol of her parents. Her perfect form, black hair, large, dark blue eyes, and stately carriage made her one of the most beautiful women in New Orleans. Her most ardent suitor was a young Creole of moderate wealth, but she finally became engaged to a wealthy banker's son.

"On the night before her intended wedding they heard in her room two pistol shots, then something fell, and all was still. As the father rushed in he saw his daughter dying and the body of the rejected admirer stretched on the

floor—dead. Now this scene is re-enacted by ghosts regularly."

"What do you say," I proposed, "to coming over to the house for supper and then going back to see those ghosts?" He consented.

The cold night wind made us thrust our hands deep into our pockets, while our teeth chattered to the time of a ghost dance. Neither of us spoke for fear of letting the other discover by a trembling voice that his courage was failing,—we both had a great deal of it while the sun shone.

At last the house was reached. No sign of ghosts. We crept noiselessly upstairs to the front room where the double crime had been committed. The full moon lit up the room sufficiently for us to see that in one corner was an old bed. Plaster had fallen off the walls here and there, and in the old-fashioned fireplace were logs charred at the ends as though the fire had just died out. This, except a picture with a hole in it, was all that remained of the elegantly decorated room.

"I don't believe there are any ghosts in this house," I said after waiting about an hour.

"Hush! Of course there are; but they aren't coming while you are talking."

About two o'clock I was dozing when the sound of footsteps startled me. Tramp! tramp! it came up the stairs and approached the door of the room in which we were. Presently the door swung open noiselessly, and the tall, slim figure of a man dressed in black slowly entered. He carried a long, glittering knife whose edge sparkled with an eerie light. It is certain that I was not dreaming, for I rubbed my eyes, pinched my companion and in return received a thump in the ribs. The man by this time had reached the foot of the bed. He threw his hat on the floor, and from his hip-pocket took a pistol. Glancing hastily around the room his eyes soon met mine. I thought the cold sweat that was oozing out would freeze me.

To my relief, he turned that cold, icy stare on the figure of a girl that lay asleep in the bed. She opened her eyes suddenly, and uttered a scream that must have cried to Heaven for vengeance. At the same time he levelled his pistol, sent a bullet through her neck, then one into his own brain, and fell heavily to the floor.

I awoke with a start expecting to see the room filled with smoke and white-gowned spirits, but the rays of the moon still poured in on the peaceful countenance of my sleeping companion.

### Varsity Verse.

#### MY LOVE.

 LOVE just one, just one so dear,  
That even death I do not fear  
 Will separate her heart from mine  
Or colder grow by lapse of time.

Her eyes and hair are dark as when  
The last sunbeams have left the glen;  
The afterglow is on her cheek,  
And gladly now her name I'll speak,—

A name I never will forget,  
For in my heart 'tis deeply set;  
And my last prayer to Him above  
Will be for mother,—she's my love.

M. J. McC.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FARM.

The poet tunes his harp and sings  
In sweetest strains of angels' wings,  
Of summers, autumns, winters, springs,  
Of sun and rain, of ripening grain,  
But ever pipes his sweet refrain—

"Down on the Farm."

But all his words are lost on me—  
For I have been there, don't you see?  
The drowsy hum of bumble-bee,  
The cattle winding o'er the lea,  
Are dreamy things you seldom see  
"Down on the Farm."

He speaks of nature's sweet array,  
Of waving corn and fragrant hay,  
Of sunny fields in sunny May—  
I'd like to work him one sweet day  
"Down on the Farm."

That's the way the poet sings,  
Of windy, vain, ethereal things.  
All birds to him have golden wings,  
All men of fame were Grecian kings;  
To rustic thoughts his fond mind clings,  
"Down on the Farm."

A. J. S.

#### UP TO DATE.

I.  
A great institution we bring to your view,  
A creation that's almost entirely new,  
From Klondike to Cape Town she's set things awhirl,  
This rollicking, frolicking Up-to-Date Girl.

II.  
She wears papa's ties and her brother's best hat,  
But we see nothing shockingly awful in that;  
Though from out her hair she has smoothed all the curl,  
We still love our End-of-the-Century-Girl.

III.  
She's an expert at golfing, at swimming and Greek,  
(Of the pies that she makes we would rather not speak.)  
For a wife we'd not have her—don't think us a churl,—  
We'd rather be chums with this Up-to-Date-Girl.

C. F. E.

## A Passing Cloud.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

All afternoon the armies had swayed up and down the mountain. Now fortune favored the Blue; now the Gray. Heavy clouds of smoke rolled over the field and the odor of burnt powder was stifling. Far off sounded the rumble of the artillery, nearer the bark of the light howitzers; down the hill there was the irregular crack, crack of the infantry rifles and the firing of flying bullets.

Finally there was a breathing spell when all rested for the last struggle. The respite was brief, and as the last cloud of smoke lifted, the Confederates swept down the mountain side with a long-drawn, "Hi-hi!" Tall, gaunt men they were; men in whose hands rifles seemed but playthings and whose faces were pinched and drawn by want and suffering. The impetus the descent gave them was terrible, and at last the ranks of Blue wavered and broke, not in rout, but in a gradual backward fight, disputing every inch of ground.

The sun was setting when the last scattering volleys were fired, and just as the horizon began to glow the bugles sounded the retreat, and the Federals drew back in response to the order. The sun sank lower and lower; the shadows crept across the battlefield, and all was silent.

A few faint stars began to twinkle in the sky, but were soon overwhelmed by the light of the moon. Then the quiet was broken. The low moans of the wounded, whom the cold was beginning to chill, rose on the still air. From a distant swamp the plaintive whip-poor-will sent his cry mournfully to the sentinel's ears. The weird note of a hoot-owl echoed strangely from the woods, and scurrying bats startled the out-lying guards. The chirp of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs only made the silence more impressive, the darkness more gloomy.

A little arm of Lake Muldidomah lay between the left wing of the Union Army and the right of the Confederates. The arm is but a couple of hundred feet wide, and that night it was so calm you could see the moon in its bosom and the floating clouds on high. On one shore a Yank was dreaming while awake, thinking of his home far away in the North.

Suddenly he was startled by a sudden shock and the loss of his balance. A sentinel on the

opposite shore had taken a luck shot at him and knocked his rifle from his hand. He picked up the rifle hastily and stepped behind a big oak and peeped gingerly out. He was safely ensconced when he heard a voice say:

"Well, Yank, I reckon I didn't get yer?"

"No, Johnny, that's pretty poor shootin' yer need a little more practice."

"Well, I only wanted ter let yer know I wuz here."

"Yes, but yer nothin' to brag of. I could throw a stone ez straight ez that."

"Maybe if you looked t'other way."

For a moment there was silence; then from the gloom on the other shore:

"Say, Yank, got any whisky?"

"What's it to yer, Reb? It's too rich fer yer blood."

"Well, ship her over, and I'll swop some baccy fer it."

"All right, Johnny; but I'll wing yer if yer try ter git funny."

The two walked down to the water's edge, and forming little boats out of the boards and sails started them out on the water. A little puff of air blew them hither and thither, but finally they reached their forts.

Soon a gurgle was heard from the Reb's side and then:

"Here's lookin' at yer, Yank."

Suddenly a cloud sailed away from the face of the moon and the light shone full on the Confederate's face. The features seemed familiar to the Yank.

"Say Reb, where be you from?"

"Ask me, Yank, ask me. I live in North Ameriky."

"Yes, I'm right glad to hear it! You're smart, you are!"

"If yer say much more I'll come over'n whip yer outer yer boots."

"Yah, yah, yes, yer will! But say, ain't yer Bob Donoghue that uster live in Abington years ago?"

"Well, I'll be switched, ef you ain't 'Skeet' Thompson, who I uster go fishin' and swimmin' with down ter Deacon's Hole! It's too blame bad we can't shake hands." Then, thoughtfully: "We might take a shot at each other ez a friendly greetin'."

Far down the line there was a faint cry: "Corporal of the guard! Relief! No. Seven!"

The cry came nearer and nearer. The Yank could hear the snapping of brush as the relief approached. He was out of harm's way, he thought, but his gun must have glinted in the

moonlight. He did not hear the Corporal's low commands as he pointed out the Yank. "Ready! Aim!" and before Bob could interfere, "Fire!" A sheet of flame—a cloud sailed in front of the moon.

"War's a d—n 'shame," said Bob, but Skeet was silent and no one denied him.

#### The Place of My Rural Sojourn.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

The house stood in a group of oaks, somewhat removed from a roadway that wound around the side of a hill and turned down toward the little town of Whitesville, Kentucky. Across the road, on the south side, was a small knoll covered with trees that were spared when the original forest was cleared away.

Northward the rolling land was divided into farms by old-fashioned rail fences; southward, and to the west farm land extended wave-like for about a mile to a wooded ridge that reached far to the southeast. On the east, the slightly rolling country was marked at intervals by clusters of trees; and beyond, the tops of the woods in the bottom-land appeared almost level; far away a ridge, indistinct in the distance, broke the line of the horizon.

The small wood across the road was my favorite rambling place. On a warm, sunny morning I would go over to this place to stroll about and see the things of nature moving. There, as I passed along, spiders' lines of gossamer floated and glistened in the sunshine; bees staggered hither and thither in search of nectar; a startled quail sprang from the thicket; flew with whirring wings to the edge of the wood, and sailed far out into the adjoining field of ripening timothy. A rabbit leaped from his grassy bed and bounded off, bobbing in and out among the tangled undergrowth; a red-bird darted from its low nest to a tree near by where it peered out in silence from among the leaves at the intruder.

Here lay a moss-covered log, thrown down in some storm to crumble into mould; there stood a tall poplar that was struck by lightning; its charred and shattered limbs were stretched far up into the air, as if it had been smitten while in the act of appealing to the sky not to send the destroying fire.

From the elm hung the wild grape-vine, and the poison ivy climbed the trunk of the oak, clinging to its bark. Throughout the

wood stood the low sassafras with its lobed leaves that take away thirst. Down between the foliage the sunlight streamed and made the lingering dew sparkle on the leafy carpet of the wood.

This retreat appeared to have within its boundaries most of those little things in nature that could please the ear or attract the eye. In the morning, as the sun first shone in among the trees and again lit up the hollows and places among the heavy growth of leaves, birds twittered and squirrels chattered in the tree-tops. At noon, insects buzzed and wheeled in the warm sunshine, and woodpeckers knocked busily at the door of the worms' house in the dead limbs of the trees. In the evening, when the light in the west had faded away, as glowing embers die, and left darkening ashes on the hilltops, the owl came out from his covered house, and his call echoed from tree to tree.

#### An Hour of Suspense.

JOHN D. LANDERS, '99.

It was a stormy evening in November. Miss Russell, the teacher of one of the country schools, near Caston, Oregon, had just dismissed her pupils and was waiting for her father to come after her. Her home was nearly ten miles away, and it would be useless for her to try to walk that distance.

The howling of the wind, the fierce snow-storm and the approaching darkness, all tended to make her feel lonely. Early that afternoon her father had sent a boy to tell her that he could not come after her that evening. The messenger proved to be incompetent, and like many other boys that start out to do things and never finish them, he forgot the message utterly. The minutes seemed like hours to her as she sat by the little stove trying to keep warm.

Every now and then she would go to the window and look up and down the road to see whether her father was coming, but in vain. After waiting a long while she leaned back in her chair and was about half asleep when she heard footsteps at the door.

She thought it was her father, and she got up, put on her cloak and hat and started toward the door. Suddenly she stopped; a stranger appeared. She had never seen him before, but thought that her father probably had sent him after her. She asked him if this were the fact.

He did not answer, but turned around, locked the door and put the key into his pocket.

It was quite dark in the room, and he lighted a lamp that he saw standing on the table. Then he sat down and looked at Miss Russell steadily. She was trying to get him to talk all this time but in vain. After a few minutes he put his hand into his pocket and took out a large knife with suggestive red spots on it, a rag and a whetstone. He wiped the red stains off the knife and then began to sharpen it. While he was rubbing his knife on the stone he would whistle, brandish it, and act like a crazy man or an idiot.

When he got tired of this he put away the knife, and took out a "mouth organ," much to the relief of Miss Russell. After he had played a number of tunes he suddenly stopped and asked Miss Russell if she could dance. She said yes, thinking it would please him, and that then he would not harm her. Immediately he moved the table and chairs to one side so as to give her room. Then he told her to begin, and he started playing his "mouth-organ" again. He played slowly at first, but kept getting faster and faster till she could hardly keep in step with the music. Finally she became so fatigued that she stopped. She could see by his face that he was angry, and that he was going to scold her, but she did not give him time to start.

She laughed, and tried to talk pleasantly. She asked him to go into the next room to get her slippers, saying that she could dance better in them. He, not suspecting any danger, went toward the place she pointed. When he was about half way she slammed the door, shut and bolted it. She had caught him in a trap, and did not think he could get out of it unless he would break the door down, and she knew that this was wellnigh impossible. She had no time to waste, however, so after putting on her cloak and hat she blew out the light and started toward the door. She turned the knob and tried to open the door, but it was locked. She had not remembered that he had locked the door, and put the key into his pocket when he came into the room. The room was on the second story, and it would be fool-hardy to jump out of the window.

There was no rope in the room, so there was positively no use in trying to get out of the window. She tried to think of another means of escape. She had to act quickly because the man was kicking the door violently and making more noise than she had ever heard one man make before.

She knew that he would get out of that room in some way before long, and that if he caught her he would kill her. She determined to use some strategy. She went to the window and opened it. The man had stopped kicking the door and was listening. Then she said in a loud voice so that he could hear her: "Well, I might as well die by jumping out as in any other way. Instead of jumping out of the window she walked quietly to where he had moved the table and got under it. There were chairs all around it, and she hoped he would not see her if he got into the room.

She was none too soon in hiding, for all at once she heard a crash, a pane of glass fell to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. It was the transom over the door between the two rooms that had been broken. Immediately after this she could hear the man climbing over the door and soon he was in the room. She sat still and almost breathless to see what he would do. He went to the window and looked out, but he could not see far because it was so dark. He looked out for a few moments and then jumped back.

Then the thought flashed across his mind. "She jumped out!" he muttered. He rushed to the door hooting like a madman and tried to open it, but it was locked. He ran about in a confused way for a few seconds, then he leaped out through the open window.

As soon as he had jumped out, Miss Russell went to the window. She could indistinctly see him lying on the ground. She heard him moaning, but she also heard something else: It was the sound of sleigh-bells up the road. Soon she could hear the men's voices. She made up her mind to call them as they passed. They were going slowly as they came up, and when they heard her voice they stopped. They could hardly see her, and her speaking so suddenly both surprised and startled them. When they stopped they saw the man lying in the snow. One of them went over to him and found him unconscious.

Before long another sleigh came along and in it was the warden of the insane asylum. He said he was going to Sheldon, the next town, to find a man that had escaped from the asylum that afternoon. He could not see the unconscious man very well in the dark, but on a close examination he found that he was the maniac he wanted. The warden put him in his sleigh and started back for the asylum. Miss Russell went home with the men who had freed her.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 7, 1898.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

## The Board of Editors.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97;

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97; FRANK J. F. CONFER, '97;  
FRANK E. HERING, '98; THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98;  
WILLIAM SHEEHAN, '98; RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98;  
EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98; FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99;  
JOHN J. DOWD, '99; JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99;

LOUIS C. M. REED,  
FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY,  
ROY A. MURRAY,

} Reporters.

## Track Athletics.

If for once appearances are not deceptive, the track season of Notre Dame will be a brilliant one. A compact band of industrious candidates is working daily, and indications are bright for success. There are records to be smashed and medals to be won, and Fred Powers will lead his men over the primrose path at break-neck speed in several meets, the first of which is the trial contest of next Thursday.

This meeting will give every man in college a show to make the team that is expected to gather car-loads of laurels, bays and such commodities at the Indiana meet. The trials will be made up of all the regular events, and the winners of these will travel to Indianapolis on May 20 to wrest victory from the representatives of every college in the State. Beside this honor, two special medals will be awarded Thursday. These will go to the men that come nearest breaking an existing amateur record in track or field athletics.

The State Intercollegiate will be held May 20. Each member is allowed two starters in every event. The winner of an event at Indianapolis will receive a gold medal, the second man, one of silver. In addition to these prizes a medal will be given to the man that breaks any state record.

From this distance it seems, several of those medals are as good as won. Our men are in splendid form, are doing their sprints well, and the experience they absorbed in the Chicago meet will stand them in good stead. Of course more candidates would be better, but out of the bunch now in training some men will come.

Among the men now out are: Captain Fred Powers, Daly, Barry, Wynne, Posselius, Kearney, Corcoran, Eggeman, Herbert, Rowan, Duane, Farley, Fennessey, Maloy, Dwyer and Hoover. More are expected. Grady, Waters, Pim and Foley will ride. When Manager Niezer buys his tickets for the capital, he will have in his retinue some men that will make things burn when they meet their fellow-athletes from other institutions.

Physical Director Beyer will conduct an in-door athletic festival in Washington Hall next Thursday morning for the benefit of the Athletic Association. These entertainments have been famous in former years, and Mr. Beyer and his pupils will surpass themselves this season.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

## Origin of Armed Neutrality at Sea.

In 1780 England not only had to contend against her subjects in the New World, but was also at variance with France and Spain, the nations that lent aid to the rebellious colonies. At the same time the other nations, whose position toward the belligerents was neutrality, protested against the treatment that England accorded their sea-going vessels.

England at that time was looking forward to an alliance with Russia. Sir Harris, one of the shrewdest diplomats of his country, a man familiar with European politics, had been British ambassador at St. Petersburg since 1775, and his influence at that court was very great. Panin, the Russian Chancellor, however, was opposed to a British-Russian alliance, and Sir Harris was not slow in discovering this fact. Panin feared the losses that Russian commerce would have to sustain as a result of a war fought at such a distance away, and there were other financial reasons for his opposition. Sir Harris then had recourse to Potemkin, through whom he obtained two secret audiences with Catherine, who personally favored England and hated France.

English aid was promised Russia in her cherished plan of forcing Turkey out of Europe, and this consideration turned Catherine com-

pletely in favor of England. The plan was well arranged. England was to ask Russia's intervention to terminate the war. If these friendly services were refused—as it was expected that they would be,—England would form an alliance with Russia for the sea-fight actually taking place, and for any other war that Russia might be waging. Sir Harris was elated over the prospects of success. But Panin heard of the proposed scheme and succeeded in showing to Catherine that Russia's interests were against any alliance with England. The empress was greatly startled when she learned that such an alliance would precipitate a general war, and she retreated from the danger by assuring Sir Harris through Potemkin that the empress would soon find occasion to act according to her true sentiments.

The wished-for opportunity came in November, 1779, when two Russian vessels in the Mediterranean Sea were seized by the Spanish. The motive for seizure was that the Russian ships intended to supply Gibraltar, which was at the time besieged. Catherine's anger was aroused to the highest degree. "My commerce is my child," she was wont to say; and she demanded satisfaction from Spain in the sternest language, even threatening war. But war with Spain meant war also with France, as the two nations were allied; and Russia would thus have been forced to side with England. Catherine went, nevertheless, so far as to order the immediate preparation of a fleet at Kronstadt.

Sir Harris was delighted. But Panin heard of the proposed war; and the manner in which he diverted Catherine's mind, and directed it to the accomplishment of a much broader plan, shows his great diplomatic talent as well as his knowledge of human nature. Apparently he shared Catherine's indignation against Spain, but he made the empress understand that it was the wisest course to make use of the present incident to demand from all European powers absolute freedom for her subjects' commerce in all waters and with all nations, and not to recognize any limitation on account of war. Panin showed her that it would bring great glory to her should the powers accept this just and reasonable law; that many quarrels and wars would be avoided by it; that she would have procured the greatest benefit to Russia and to the world, and that her reward would be undying fame through all future ages.

Panin struck the right note; for who longed more eagerly for immortal fame than Cath-

erine? And on the 20th of February, 1780, she signed the famous Declaration of Neutrality at Sea. The following are the principles on which this document is based:

1. Neutral ships may freely carry on commerce from one port to another on the coast of nations at war.

2. Property of the subjects of the belligerents in neutral ships is free, except such as are contraband articles.

3. Contrabands are all articles that are expressly declared such in the tenth and eleventh articles of the treaty of commerce existing between England and Russia.

4. A port is blockaded if the attacking power has so surrounded it with its ships that it is impossible for any vessel to enter it without evident danger. Neutral ships are not allowed to enter ports thus blockaded.

5. The right to seize neutral ships must be decided according to these principles.

The importance of this declaration was apparent. It had been customary when two nations were at war for each to demand that neutral powers refrain from sending war implements, etc., to either of the belligerents. Hence came the practice of searching neutral ships on the high sea, and of confiscating any supplies destined for the enemy—since he who supports an enemy is himself rightfully treated as an enemy.

The neutral powers, however, contended that the sea was a free road for all, and that it did not concern them whether the nation for which a cargo was destined was at war with another nation or not. This gave rise to complications, and innumerable treaties were made between the different nations. The powers measured their right by their might, and a great number of complaints were made against England who had the greatest number of ships and traveled the ocean over.

To Panin is the honor of having first framed these resolutions of neutrality; although he did so by chance of circumstances; but to Catherine belongs the glory of being the first to proclaim them to the world. England was angry, and complained of Russian duplicity, although Catherine had really intended to favor England. France and Spain rejoiced, and Spain at once offered compensation for the two captured ships. Denmark and Sweden subscribed to the regulations in July, and Holland would have done so had not England opened hostilities against her before the negotiations could be completed.

## Rev. James Boyle.

Father James Boyle, who was the fourteenth member to be enrolled in Notre Dame Post, No. 569, Department of Indiana, G. A. R., is pastor of All Saints' Church at Ware, Mass. He was born at Berkinhead, England, on August 15, 1845, and came to this country when a boy, arriving at the outbreak of the late rebellion. He responded promptly to President Lincoln's first call for troops in 1861, and enlisted at New York city on the 9th day of May as musician of "C" Co., 37th New York Volunteers for the period of two years, this being the length of enlistment then asked for, as it was supposed that the rebellion would be suppressed in even shorter time. Early in his militant career, his officers, perceiving the true spirit of the young soldier—he was then but fifteen years old—transferred him, July 25th, 1861, from the position of musician to that of private in order that he could be advanced, in line of promotion, to an officer's commission. In the latter part of December, 1861, he was ordered to New York on recruiting duty, and as a result of his soldierly qualities he was rapidly advanced through the several grades of the non-commissioned officers, and on November 11, 1862, won the straps of a lieutenant. During the whole course of his service in the war, he gained the esteem of his superiors by close attention to duty, obedience to discipline and courage in action.

His regiment served in Gen. Phil Kearney's "old red patch" division, the first division of the 3d Army Corps, and up to the end of its term of enlistment fought with and helped to make the history of the celebrated old Third Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Comrade Father Boyle was seriously wounded at Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862, and admitted to McKim's mansion hospital, Baltimore, Md. He was mustered out with his regiment at New



REVEREND JAMES BOYLE.

York, June 22, 1863, at the expiration of the regimental term of enlistment. Soon after being mustered out he began his study for the priesthood, and was ordained at Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, December 18, 1875. He has been pastor of All Saints' Church, Ware, Mass., for many years.

Father Boyle is a gentlemen of the old school whom it is a pleasure to know, and his disposition is social and genial. Not only his parish, but all the citizens of Ware and vicinity have the greatest confidence in him. He was mustered into the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post by the courteous act of J. W. Lawton, Post 85, Department of Ware G. A. R.

## Baseball.

On Notre Dame Field next Saturday the baseball championship of Indiana will be practically decided. The Varsity on that day will entertain DePauw, and the men from Green-castle have a clean record. Up to date they have defeated Indiana University, Purdue, and every other opponent they have met. Yet it is almost safe to wager that their triumphal procession will pause long enough next Saturday for Captain Powers and his ambitious youngsters to climb into the first wagon. There is no way of judging the comparative worth of the teams until the game begins, but our victories have been over more formidable rivals than the teams De Pauw has vanquished. We may look for a hard-fought battle.

The Varsity is ready for it. Powers' injury is coming on nicely, and out-fielder Follen who has been sick, is out again. It is hoped that he will be strong enough to play, although George Wilson has been filling his position acceptably. A strong reserve team will be organized, and there will be no lack of practice-work or available substitutes the rest of the season. The training received in the ranks of the auxiliary team will be invaluable in seasoning material for coming seasons.

The Varsity has made a magnificent start—one that promises well for the future—and so long as the best men are on the team confidence is unlimited; but the best men must play the best ball.

One of the most insidious means by which the utility of the team may be lessened is "record-playing"—the striving of each individual for individual glory. The man that keeps his batting average in a note-book with a religious account of his two-baggers and sacrifice-hits is bargain-counter brass compared to the genuine worth of the quiet, earnest player that goes after everything, and works solely for the success of the team. The college is not draped in mourning every time one of us strikes out, and the world does not quiver with anxiety lest a player make an error. No; not a quiver. The best players are men that make errors—men that take chances and that play to win all the time. This is the spirit that has won games for the Gold and Blue, and it will continue to win them if it is not cheapened and marred by kite-flying record-playing.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

## Exchanges.

The University of Wisconsin daily *Cardinal* has been publishing some very attractive half-tone illustrations lately. There are pictures of the University buildings, the grounds, the athletic teams and portraits. The *Cardinal* is the best college daily we receive, and this is saying a great deal, for newspapers come to our sanctum from all the leading colleges and universities of the country, and they are all creditable papers. There is an air of modern, up-to-date journalism,—minus the "yellowness,"—about the *Cardinal* that is sadly lacking in most of the other dailies, and there is the additional charm of the illustrations mentioned above. We congratulate the student-editors on the success of their labors.

\* \* \*

We notice that in most of the college-paper short stories,—or, rather, "stories that are short," as Mr. Brander Matthews would call them,—very little attention is paid to plot construction, and consequently they fail to keep the interest sustained, no matter how well the material is presented. The deplorable practice of placing technique before thought has been steadily growing in all the arts during the last few years, and although the effect is not so disastrous to literature as it is to music and the graphic arts, still it has a weakening effect on literary work. There are instances, too, where the result is just the opposite, as, for example, in some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses. If we examine this work closely enough we find that the charm lies in the manner of presentation and not in the thought. They seem to be poems when they are not. The college short story-writer strings a number of incidents together, or more commonly, he takes an anecdote, and on this flimsy thread he hangs his elaborate conversations and descriptions, and then calls the result a short story. We are not all Kiplings, however, and the college journalists would do well to remember that even Shakspere "staid up o' nights" with his plots. One must have the inventive faculty, of course, in order to cope successfully with plot difficulties, and it may be that the lack of this quality is responsible for the weakness of the college short-story. Also, one must have the hard-work faculty, and it is not only possible but very probable that this is the real cause of failure.

## Concerning Two Bachelor Girls.

When the SCHOLASTIC came out last Saturday, the editors opened the paper and their eyes at the same time, and some of them have not settled down to the affairs of this work-a-day world even yet. By nice calculations Mr. Raymond O'Malley has discovered that the shock caused him to lose over twenty minutes of his valuable time. Every member of the board of editors, Mr. O'Malley included, were perfectly satisfied to lose a few minutes of their time, because of the many pretty things said about them they—well, the number of SCHOLASTICS mailed last Saturday evening was larger than ever before. One of the editors was requested to get the views of his brother editors concerning the "Bachelor Girls" and their letter, but as he had not yet come out of his dream we decided to entrust the work to a reporter. The man with the note-book saw them all, and this is what they say:

EDWARD J. MINGEY.—Oh, that the strong bars of natural modesty should be broken asunder, and conscience be allowed to run unrestrained—ransacking woman's vast storehouse of compliments and pouring them all at once down upon the youthful heads of a favored few! The devastating cyclone of flattery struck amidships my immatured mind, and today I am a total wreck. A muddled brain and a restless pillow are mine. I can not eat—I can not sleep. Death is my only consolation, and I court it. Farewell!

F. J. F. CONFER.—I have read your communication published in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, and while I appreciate deeply your complimentary remarks, I think that in arranging the positions of the board in respect to good looks you should have placed me nearer the bottom of the list, or else forwarded me a step-ladder so that I might be sure of getting down on the ground-floor in case of fire. (That word "fire" has a special significance.) Furthermore, I beg to assure you, my fair correspondents, that I am not in the least "sassy." Really, I am a Beau Brummel out of work. That "wild look" to which you refer is perhaps the result of a slight nervousness attending one's maiden visit to a photograph gallery. I must confess I was somewhat uneasy when he pointed the gun at me. I thank you for saying that my upper lip looks nice. I didn't know the moustache was visible, and I am glad that you admire the way I arrange my hair. I do so love to please the ladies. Mr. Murphy must be very envious of me since you said my hair was nicer than his.

E. J. MURPHY.—I am asked to give my opinion of your criticism of our Board of Editors and myself in particular. Well, to be candid with you, ladies, I—I think your criticism of my hair painfully unjust. The incessant call of the "devil" for more copy, and our consumptive Varsity Verse column, have caused me endless worriment, the souvenir of which I bear in the shape of a rectangular bald spot upon the top of my head. Hence it is to my advantage—matrimonially and in fly-season—to part my hair in the middle, thus dis-

closing from view the aforesaid rectangular bald spot. In this trying moment my only consolation is the thought that your heart-breaking words were uttered through ignorance of the true cause. I am glad you enjoy my verses and would be pleased to put your names on our subscription list; remit by money or in postage stamps.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY.—I hardly know what to say in response to your flattering words. I suppose if I say simply "thank you," and say it from the depths of my throbbing heart, you will appreciate it more than if I return the fire that has completely disordered my nervous system. It is true I was at Waukesha last summer and rescued many a fair creature from the grasp of the angry waves, and still I am a single man. How did you guess that I was humorous? The men here all say I am aggravatingly so. I do not say many witty things, but they tell me that what I do say is really clever. Still I am a seeker of wisdom rather than an expounder of wit; and I had rather be in the company of Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus than witness a rooster fight, though you say I look an ideal athlete. It is pleasantly evident that your jury judged me by my photograph only. *Au revoir!*

FRANK W. O'MALLEY.—I have just read your letter addressed to the Board of Editors. That little wind-up phrase, "Good for you Frank!" gave me more encouragement in my literary struggles than would a pull of four aces in a losing game. The sight of an alluring bean sandwich to a famished tramp after splitting a load of impenetrable cord-wood is nothing to the impetus which my wavering courage received through your maternal kindness. I am glad you think me of firmer stuff than Raymond O'Malley, though I will say again he is no brother of mine, and I will continue to make the exchange column as interesting as I can, just for your dear sakes. Good-bye, my bachelor friends; perhaps some day—well, I won't commit myself. This is a dangerous age. Good-bye.

JOHN J. DOWD.—Since reading your letter I have firmly resolved never again to have my picture taken. I would willingly accept as honestly uttered, your remark as to my activity; but when you speak of me as an "alert, open-eyed fellow," I begin to think you are "jolly-ing," so to speak. As for the "naughty wink" that you think I have, I beg to say that I haven't had a drop for six months, and, moreover, am a member of the Temperance Sodality. I may be able to "slip in and out of chinks and crannies," but I resort to such tactics only when the wrong person is at my door. No, I can not thank you for all you said. Why could you not have mentioned something nice about me like you did about the other boys?

THOMAS MEDLEY.—No, my fair critics, I do not entertain "an everlasting grudge" against anybody but the weather man and the man that borrowed my last collar-button, and I never say "mean things," only when I see the laundryman looming up with his bill. It appears to me strange that girls always notice a man's hair and eyes. Pity the man that hasn't any! I mean, hasn't any hair; but since your criticism in this respect is favorable to me, I bow in humble thanks. Bye-bye.

FRANK EARLE HERING.—I certainly appreciate your encouraging words, and hope for the dawn of some fair day when I may personally thank the "Two Bachelor Girls." It is possible that I may be able to—no, no, I forgot something.

WILL SHEEHAN.—You have said very nice things about all of us, and it is indeed sweet of you to offer

your suggestions as to the best way of combing one's hair. I am pleased to note that you take such a lively interest in us in the absence of our mothers. Willingly would I part my hair on the side or on the bias just to accommodate you, but I once parted my locks on the side and found it too difficult to keep my balance. Do you really think I would make a tragedian if I would eat more potatoes and comb my hair differently? Or are you merely trying to jolly me like you did Mr. Mingey? I am glad your brother once knew a Will Sheehan and he was real nice. I feel as if we had been acquainted for years. Let me hear from you again and send me your pictures. Now, mind you, no cigarette pictures. Regards to your brother.

JOHN FENNESSEY.—I have been requested to say something about your letter to the SCHOLASTIC. Well, I can not say right in broad daylight that I have an angelic face, but I *have* seen worse, and as for my "worried look," I think the recent formation of a local military company has a great deal to do with that; but I'll cross my heart I am not a married man and have never been in love. I know not what love is, and whenever I ask any man around here for a definition of love, he tells me that there is no such a thing; that love, so-called, is only a folly of youth and dies with the advent of wisdom. A professor told me this. How did you guess I was lacking in energy?

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.—Oh, that my pen were facile and my mental machinery well oiled! Then would I pour forth the gratitude which I owe you; then would I express that warm and friendly feeling for you which has found a place in the depths of my aching heart, and which will grow and expand until—*oh! I dare not think of it*—until,—until I meet you. But, honestly, do you know that there is no small degree of truth in what you said about me, and that my own sentiments in regard to my abilities will dove-tail splendidly with yours? I have been persuaded by my friends to pursue a course in law; so you see your supposition was correct. I see no reason why I should not become a great lawyer and a credit to my county. I am at present writing an extensive work on "Character," and will be pleased to send you, C. O. D., the complete set of fifty-two volumes when published. I *do* wish I had your pictures. I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, of good habits, but I feel lonely in the world.

---

#### Local Items.

---

—Lost.—A Blue Mackintosh. Return to E. R. Boyle, Brownson Hall.

—Lost—Vol. I. Ward's English Poets. Return to L. Reed, Sorin Hall.

—McDonney tumbled, and somebody else is wearing simply a moustache nowadays. Such is the uncertainty of life!

—CHOLLY (examining a tin-box in the rear of the church):—"What kind of a box is this?"

JOHNNIE: "I guess that's a poor one.—Eh, Cholly?"

—EDDIE: "You say you just found out that there was war? Why, as soon as war was declared, even the stocks tumbled."

TOMMIE: "That's a *capital* joke."

—An article recently appeared in the Fort Wayne Journal relative to the organization of the Military Company at Notre Dame. It gave the names of the Fort Wayne boys that are preparing for war, and John Eggeman was mentioned as lieutenant. John will get himself into trouble if he sends any more messages like this. We certainly like to see a young man push himself to the front as much as possible, but we must draw the line somewhere.

—Last night Cholly Neezre and Willie Keglre went over to Johnnie Eggeman's room to see his new top. Johnnie's room-mate was also there and they had a real good time spinning the top and playing "choo-choo car." Johnnie made the top spin longer than Willie, so Willie got mad and, picking up his picture books, went home. He said he was going to tell his mamma, and then Cholly called him "baby." Willie clapped his hands and added "Goody!—goody!" and the candle went out.

—“Isn't it hard to see a baseball game from the Tennis Courts?”

“It is.”

“Then, why did they sit over there?”

“Distance lends enchantment.”

“I see; but wasn't the sun awfully hot?”

“It was; but they put up an umbrella.”

“I see; but which way was the umbrella facing?”

“This way.”

“I see—but how could they see the game?”

“Which game?”

“Why the baseball game.—Oh, I see! There was another game.”

“There was. It was a game in which only two could take part.”

“I see;—but does one always have to put up an umbrella to play that game?”

“Well, it is best when there are about seven hundred people looking in that direction.”

“I see. Much obliged!”

—Things noticed in and about the University. Spring is coming.

Somebody put a door-knob on the front door of Sorin Hall.

Certain students are writing their names where they shouldn't.

Sorin Hall always has steam on hot days. On cold days—none.

The benches have received a fresh coat of green paint. Many new spring suits show it.

Hain't no use talkin'; we seen the circus. The clowns came out and made some o' their monkey-shines and tried to say some funny things; and them there people 'at turn and around ever which way—my! wasn't it wonderful. Ignatz and Hinkey saw the whole thing, and they are still dreaming of elephants and wondering where that goshdarn nickel went to. Pity the Genius wasn't there. His little homilies would have gone astray, if he had seen "them actors." The memory of that circus will live long.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

General Gomez is waiting on the back porch to take this letter for me, and I don't think that war will have a serious effect upon the manufacture of suspender buttons. A party of correspondents, including myself, crawled over the top of Morro Castle last night and got a look at the interior. One poor fellow stuck his head in the mouth of a cannon to see how it worked. He couldn't get his head out again, and I suggested that they shoot off the cannon and loose the young man. They did so, and now they blame me. Then we sought Gen. Blanco, and asked him if he would object to our describing the workings of the fort in our dispatches. He set his dog on us, but we escaped. One reporter enclosed his message in a beer bottle and shot it from a cannon. A sailor on the battleship *Indiana* caught it, and he hasn't done anything since. Yellow fever and the whooping cough are very prevalent, and I understand the flying squadron captured a row-boat loaded with weinerwurst and limburger cheese, bound for Limerick. There is great rejoicing at Washington. According to the dividend set by law, President McKinley gets first choice on the weinerwurst, after which Sampson gets one-twentieth of the remainder, and the rest of the cargo goes to the captains and crews of the boats that were within olfactory distance at the time the prize was taken. There is a scarcity of suspenders among the insurgents. Several pounds of sinewy butter wiggled safely past the fortifications last night. The reconcentrados have chloroformed it, and it is now sleeping. No resistance is feared.

BLAHAAH.

HAVANA, CUBA, May 1, '98.

—IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, A. D. 3000.— This, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of Raymond Giles Omalee, one of the most renowned philosophers of the nineteenth century. He was born and raised on a dairy farm in a little hamlet in Iowa, called Crescoe. This town was one day swept from the face of the earth by a March wind, just as the boy Raymond was driving home the cows. He had a book in one hand and a cow in the other—I mean a switch in the other—when the wind came. Heedless of the impending danger he kept on switching the cows with one hand and reading the book with the other, but the wind harmed him not, although it blew so hard it made his fingers-nails rattle. Later Raymond entered the famous Univetsity of Notre Dame and studied for seven long years; graduating with honors and a number of other students in 1898. He wrote many philosophical works, and it is said that he and William McKinley, who was at one time Governor of the United States, were often taken for brothers.

We will now pass on (intermission while they pass on). Here you have the Right Hon. Joseph N. Brucker, who began life as a

drummer boy in the Spanish-American War. His first position of importance was that of constable which he held, together with a portion of the fees, for many years. Then he got on the police force, and later occupied the bench of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he held until somebody found it out. Mr. Brucker was considered the best read man of his time. He made a study of such great men as Shakspere, Dante and Paul Ragan, and could quote Blackstone until you would be black in the face.

I will next draw your attention to a splendid likeness of Pietro Duffea, painted by M. George Hanhowser, an artist of considerable ability but little talent, who lived in the nineteenth century. Pietro was the only real humorist and punster America ever produced, and we hope she will never produce another like unto him. He died in a fit of laughter over one of his jokes and was regarded as a suicide.

On my right we have a portrait of Mr. Norwald Gibbsson, a scientist whose name will live through all ages. When a mere child he one day stuck his finger in a wash-tub of boiling water and discovered that it was hot; and when but eighteen years old his father one day found him watching intently a blade of grass. At last the child exclaimed in youthful exultation: "I have it—I have discovered what makes this blade of grass move—it is the wind." The boy was found to have such remarkable talent that he was sent to Notre Dame where he discovered how to make a powerful explosive, and practically illustrated his point. When he got out of the Infirmary he learned to throw a baseball. He was always prominent in athletics, and while at college held a position as thrower in the game then known as baseball, corresponding to our present game of Hunky Punk. Mr. Gibbsson lived to a ripe old age, and then didn't live any more.

This picture here represents the Obreyon Brothers playing a piano duet. So vividly does the picture represent life that you can almost hear the duet. The picture was painted by M. François Omallais, a graduate of the Berlin Academy, and at one time manager of the Notre Dame football team. This painting was repeatedly "skyed" until the renowned artist Signor Geoheganski found in it true merit and other ingredients mixed with the paint. Of course you all have heard of the Obreyon Brothers. They were the greatest musicians of their day, and composed such well-known pieces as, "Kate, I'm coming—No I ain't," "Sweet Bunch of Cauliflower" and the famous overture "Thumperelli" (Opus 921 O. K.). They met their death in a strange way. They were quarrelling over a peanut when lightning struck the peanut, glanced off and killed the brothers.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will adjourn for luncheon. Next Saturday we shall continue the lectures.